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ADVENTURES
OF A
FRENCH SOLDIER,

EXEMPLIFYING THE
EVIL, CRIME, AND
SUFFERINGS OF WAR.

By Charles Oge Barbours
With Reflections

BY
PHILANTHROPOS,

Author of "The Sword," "Howard and Napoleon," &c.



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PREFACE.

The two little books which I composed for children of the Sabbath School, viz. "The Sword or Christmas Presents," and "Howard and Napoleon contrasted," having been very well received by the Christian public, I have been induced to make a third attempt. Although topics suitable to my purpose are not wanting, I have made choice of the "Adventures of a French Sergeant," as a medium, whereby much of the evil, crime and suffering of war may be exemplified. This, to be sure, might have been done by a work of fiction, altogether original; but, beside my repugnance to books of that kind, there are, alas! too many facts on hand, to leave any occasion to resort to fiction, to give an interest to such relations. Would to God, there were no more truth in the journals of military men than there are in works of fancy; but we are constrained to admit the truth of the many horrible relations, which have been laid before the public in private, military journals.

A new era has commenced in history. Formerly, we knew but little of the operations of war, except by the general orders and bulletins of the belligerents, in which all was victory and splendour and glory. As the survivors of a victory are moved off from the scene of carnage and corpses, and leave their dead companions to the wolves and the vultures, or, at best, cover them up in shallow graves where the dogs soon find them out, or whelm them in pits, and leave the wounded to suffer and groan in hospitals, or on the field, and the widow and the fatherless and the childless to weep in secret, while they, with "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," in new and splendid uniforms, with great bands of music, and flying colours and trophies of victory, make their triumphal entry into great cities, and turn the heads of the youth of either sex; so the histories of war, as they have been written, leave out all the disgusting forms of misery, which each individual experiences in a thousand nameless ways, while they dwell at large on the dauntless courage of the combatants, the brilliant charges of the cavalry and infantry, the play of the artillery, and the pursuit of the enemy. Indeed, if a great man falls, his fate is much lamented; but lamented in such a way as to make thousands of thoughtless youth envy his fate. But the death and sufferings of the privates are passed over in the aggregate, and no other account is made of them, than that the force of the army is weakened by so many

thousands of killed and wounded, whose place must be supplied by new levies. "When princes play for provinces, men's lives are the counters."

To make up for this defect in history, a number of subaltern officers and privates have, since the last wars in Europe, undertaken to write their private adventures, and these come home to our feelings. We have been so long used to hear of the thousands and tens of thousands slaughtered in a battle, that the very magnitude and frequency destroy the effect ; but we enter into the feelings and sufferings of individuals, though we cannot multiply them by the number of sufferers.

Among these private memoirs I have chosen "The Adventures of a French Sergeant" for the theme of this volume. I have followed the author through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, leaving out such particulars as were the least interesting, or least to the purpose of showing the nature of war. I have also, as far as practicable in an abridgment, followed the exact language of the English translator. When I have altered the personal pronoun and made considerable omissions, still retaining the language of the translator, I have used single marks of quotation, but when I have used his exact words, without any alteration except abridgment, I have put double marks. I have inserted the reflections of the author and added many of my own, in order to make the facts stated useful to the youthful reader. I have also added many facts, particularly

concerning the character and death of lord Nelson and the Russian campaign, in which the book was deficient. These I have taken from authors of high repute, and have no doubt of their correctness. Should any one doubt my conclusions, or the justness of my reflections, I entreat him to lay aside the prejudices of early education, and take the Gospel for his standard, and, after a prayerful examination of the subject, I think he will be convinced that I am right.

In hopes that my little book may help to bring on that glorious era when nations shall learn war no more, I remain

The Christian public's much obliged and grateful servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

August, 1831.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
FRENCH SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

1805. Conscription—Departure for the army—Arrival at Cadiz.

ROBERT GUILLEMARD was born about the year 1785, at Sixfour, a small town, or village, of about fifty houses, near Toulon, in France. His father was the Mayor of Sixfour, and had brought up Robert to no occupation, without even thinking of a trade or profession, until he was eighteen years old, when he inclined to enter the French navy, from hearing an uncle of his, who was a master's mate in a French man-of-war, relate his adventures. This desire became stronger by having a friend of his, by the name of Rymbauld, appointed a midshipman.

Robert went on board several times to dine with him and his companions. The authority which these young men, scarcely out of their boyhood, possessed over grown up men, their gaiety, their future prospects, the dangers to which they were exposed, and, more than all this, the elegance of their uniforms, made him regret that he had not sooner embraced a profession, for which he fancied himself very well fitted.

Such things often determine giddy young men in the choice of a profession, without any regard to the dangers to which they expose, not only their health and life, but the salvation of the immortal soul. The love of authority over his fellow-creatures, especially over men older than himself, and the love of the glitter, tinsel, and show of the uniforms are the most common among the motives which induce a thoughtless young man to choose a soldier's life. What motives for a Christian! It is our duty to imitate Christ. Did Christ, or any of his apostles, ever appear dressed up in the gewgaws and foppery of a military uniform? Could any one recognize a child of Christ, with the humility and gentleness which characterized the "Lamb of God," bedecked with the glittering

trappings of war, and wearing a burnished helmet, inscribed with 'Victory or Death.' The followers of Mahomet, and the false prophet himself, might have been dressed so, for it became their bloody religion ; and I do not say that a real Christian may not be decked out in so ridiculous a manner, but I do say, that there must be an awful difference between the outer and the inner man. It is well known to kings and conquerors and war-like statesmen, that this love of finery is a great inducement for vain young men to enlist, and, therefore, they encourage it, for as the celebrated Doctor Rush used to say, "If there were no uniforms, there would be no armies." What a satire on the boasted dignity of human nature !

Robert had his name entered on the books of a man-of-war, in spite of his father's opposition to it, but, before he could be examined as a midshipman, he was drafted as a conscript to serve in the army.

My young readers, perhaps, do not know what the word "conscript" means. I will tell them. During the wars which followed the French revolution, the destruction of life was so great, that men could not be found in sufficient numbers, who would voluntarily

enlist into the army. So they were drawn by lot from fourteen years old and upwards, and sometimes the waste of life was so great and the demand for men so urgent, that the classes of conscription were called out in advance, and boys of twelve or thirteen years of age were forced into the army, where great numbers of them perished by fatigue, without ever having seen any other enemy than their own countrymen. How happy ought the children of these United States to be, and how grateful to God, that this dreadful scourge never visited this country. But all nations, that love war and military glory, must submit to conscription and impressment, and other equally cruel, and often even more wicked, means of recruiting the army and navy. This calamity falls heaviest on the poor; for rich men's sons often escape their lot, either by bribing the officers, or procuring a substitute to go in their place; but this requires a great deal of money. 'Robert's father wished to procure a substitute, but they were extremely dear, and the purchase would have made a considerable breach in his fortune.' So he was compelled to march. How cruel it must be, to take from a poor old man his only hope

and support in his old age ! What inducement has a father, in such countries, to educate a son to a trade or profession, when he is liable, every moment, to be dragged away, to end his life, on some distant shore, and spill his blood in a war, waged by the avarice or ambition of some despot or statesman, in which the poor conscript has no interest, and of which he frequently does not know even the cause !

The conscripts were assembled at Toulon, May 1, 1805, and were then sent to a distant regiment. ‘At the moment of their departure, the colonel made them a very fine speech upon their zeal for the service, and the ardour with which they flew to the defence of their country !’ What a mockery ! It was to conquer other countries, and not to defend their own, that these conscripts were dragged from their peaceful homes. ‘Meanwhile, all the newspapers and all the proclamations of the head of the government spoke of nothing but the emulation of the young conscripts, who, on all sides, took arms of their own accord, presented themselves before they were called, and covered every road on their march to join the different corps to which they were appointed.’ It is by false-

hoods such as these, that military governments deceive the people. Falsehood is always allowed in war, notwithstanding the curse denounced against *all* liars. There is no exception made in favour of generals or statesmen.

‘At the first halt, Robert was quartered with the other conscripts of the detachment. His surprise was great, when he heard his companions, in the evening, bitterly regretting their country, complaining, in no measured terms, of the law which forced them to leave it, and always forming plans for desertion. The nature of their conversation did not much agree with the colonel’s address, the language of the newspapers, or the proclamations of the government;’ for the conscripts told the truth, but the others told falsehoods, for war is from beginning to end, a game of deception.

The young conscripts were marched to Port Vendres, and were ordered on board men-of-war, ‘not without murmuring, but, in spite of their murmurs, they were obliged to put, as the saying is, “their foot in the shoe,” the officers assuring them, that they should be but a short time on board, and that they were going only so far as the coast of Brit-

tany, to join a camp :’ another falsehood, for they were carried to Cadiz, in Spain, and Robert’s company was put on board the *Redoutable*, a ship of seventy-four guns, to take the place of marines.

Here Robert found his old friend Rymbauld, and wished to be familiar with him, but was soon repulsed by his former friend, who was an officer, while Robert was only a private. There is no friendship in war, every one is for himself; and officers frequently rejoice at the fall of their superiors, because it forwards their own promotion.

CHAPTER II.

1805. Battle of Trafalgar—Death of Nelson—Capture and destruction of the combined French and Spanish fleet.

THE Spanish and French fleets sailed together, out of the harbor of Cadiz, Oct. 21st, and engaged the British fleet, off cape Trafalgar. Robert's ship began the action, by firing a broadside into the ship of the British admiral, Lord Nelson, called the Victory. The British vessel returned the fire, and, at the same moment, there began, along the whole of the two lines, a fire of artillery, which was not to cease, except by the extermination of one of the squadrons. Already cries of suffering and death were heard on the decks of the Redoutable. By the first discharge, one officer and more than thirty soldiers and sailors were killed and wounded. This was the first time Robert had been in action, and an emotion, he had never felt till now, made his heart beat violently. All the men in the main-top had been killed, when he was ordered, with two sailors and four soldiers, to

occupy their places. While they were going aloft, the cannon balls and grape shot showered around them, struck the masts and yards, knocked large splinters out of them, and cut the rigging to pieces. One of his companions was wounded by his side, and fell from the height of thirty feet upon the deck, where he broke his neck.'

When he reached the top, he saw 'for more than a league extended, a thick cloud of smoke, above which, was discernable a forest of masts and rigging. Thousands of flashes penetrated this cloud, and a rolling noise, similar to the sound of continued thunder, but much louder, rose from its bosom.' He was left alone in the top; his comrades had all been killed or wounded. He looked at the two vessels engaged. 'The smoke which enveloped them was disengaged for a moment, and returned thicker at each broadside. The two decks were covered with dead bodies, which they had not time to throw overboard. The captain was wounded. He saw on the poop of the English ship, a man with but one hand, gorgeously decorated with stars, orders and garters.' It was Admiral Lord Nelson. Robert fired off his gun, and he supposes, killed Nelson. The

fire ceased for a while, on board the English ship, but was soon renewed with redoubled fury. Another English ship engaged the Redoubtable, and another French ship the Victory, so that the two ships were firing on both sides at once, and probably many men were killed, or wounded, by the balls of their own countrymen. There was then seen a sight, hitherto unexampled in naval warfare, and not since repeated—four ships all in the same direction, touching each other, dashing one against another, intermingling their yards, and fighting with a fury which no language can express.

Here, my dear young reader, you may, perhaps, be inclined to ask, Are they Turks? Are they savages? No, my dear child. They are not Turks. The Mahometans do not destroy one another like Christians. They are not savages. They call themselves men, Christians, civilized. The sign of that cross, on which your blessed Redeemer poured out his life for his enemies, floats above this ocean of fire and smoke, and over these decks strewn with the mangled bodies and disjointed limbs of those for whom He died; and, probably, there were chaplains, ministers of the gospel of peace, on board some of

these ships, praying to God, for Christ's sake, for power to destroy their fellow-creatures. Oh, what a scene for a Christian indeed to be engaged in ! When he fires his gun, or pushes his boarding pike into the bosom of his fellow-creature, he is either sending a poor sinful soul to that place "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," or else, he is killing his brother-christian ; and, if he should *himself* be killed in the action, how can he appear before the judgment seat of Christ, red with his brother's blood ? or how can he meet his slaughtered brother there, slain by *his* hand ? Or, if he appears there alone, after having sent a poor sinful creature to endless perdition, and God shall demand of him, "Where is thy brother ?" will he answer in the words of Cain, "I know not ; am I my brother's keeper !" Oh that such scenes should ever disgrace Christendom ! Surely, when Christians come to think of it, they will abolish the custom of war ; or, if nominal Christians will engage in it, the Christian indeed will come out from among them, and be separate. I do not say, that a nation should not defend itself against actual invasion, but I do say that, if Christian governments put more con-

fidence in God and less in their own arm, they would be in but little danger of invasion. It is related of Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, that he sent priests and Levites “through all the cities of Judah ; and they taught the people ; and the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the land that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat.” 2 Chronicles, chap. xvii. verses 6 to 9.

‘ Amidst nearly four hundred pieces of cannon, all firing at one time in a confined space—amid the noise of the balls, which made furious breaches in the side of the Redoubtable—among the splinters, which flew in every direction with the speed of projectiles, and the dashing of the vessels, which were driven by the waves against each other, not a soul thought of any thing but destroying the enemy, and the cries of the wounded and dying were no longer heard. The men fell, and, if they were any impediment to the action of the gun, one of their companions pushed them aside, with his foot, to the middle of the deck, and, without uttering a word, placed himself with concentrated fury at the same post, where he soon experienced a similar fate.’ What a heart-rending scene !

‘In less than half an hour, the Redoutable, without having hauled down her colors, had, in fact, surrendered. Her fire had gradually slackened, and then ceased altogether. The mutilated bodies of Robert’s companions encumbered the two decks, which were covered with shot, broken cannon, matches still smoking, and broken timbers. One of the thirty-six pounders had burst, toward the close of the contest. The thirteen men, placed at it, had been killed by the splinters; and were heaped together around the broken carriage. Not more than one hundred and fifty men survived out of a crew of more than eight hundred, and most of these were more or less severely wounded.’ He says, “I went over the ship, where every thing presented a prospect of desolation. Calm despair was painted on the countenances of those who had escaped from this terrible scene. Among the dead, I saw the ill-fated Rymbauld, the friend of my infancy. At the utmost, he was not more than eighteen. His sword had been broken in his fall, he was wounded, by a chain-shot, in his right breast, and fell against the wheel of a cannon. The disordered state of his features indicated that his sufferings had been great. His disfigur-

ed remains inspired me with painful reflections, and brought to my mind a host of bitter recollections. I left the spot, and I must confess, that my eyes filled with tears. I had not yet been able to acquire that indifference, which a soldier displays, from a constant habit of witnessing similar scenes." War hardens the heart and blunts the feelings; and the time will come, when Robert will think no more of killing a man, than a butcher does of killing a calf. He *must* do that, or never become a brave soldier. Before a man can delight in war, he must put off all feelings of humanity, and all the Christian graces, particularly "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which is worth infinitely more than the ornament of an epaulet.

Alas, poor Rymbauld! How short was his career in the race of glory! How many thousands and myriads of young men have experienced the same fate, and had all their fond expectations cut off in their first battle! Not one in ten thousand ever arrives at the summit of his hopes — perhaps, not one in an hundred thousand. Yet how many are willing to risk their lives and limbs and immortal souls to gain a fleeting transitory prize, with at least ten thousand chances to one

against them. Of all lotteries, the lottery of war is the greatest cheat.

The great Lord Nelson was killed in this engagement, as Robert supposes, by him, but, in this, he indulges that sort of vain glory which is common to soldiers of all ranks, for it was the Santissima Trinidad, or Most Holy Trinity, (what a most blasphemous name for a man-of-war,) a Spanish ship of four decks and one hundred and thirty-six guns, that engaged the Victory, and was even lashed to her, so that the muzzles of the guns, when run out, nearly touched the sides of the opposing ships. It is true, the Redoubtable was also engaged with the Victory, and even run foul of her, but the honor of killing Lord Nelson has always been given to a Spaniard, who fired from the main top of the Santissima Trinidad, and who has since received great honors and a pension for life, for the deed. Had he saved a great man's life instead of destroying it, probably, he would have had neither honor nor pension.

Nelson did not die immediately on receiving his wound, but lived about an hour in great pain, but in the full enjoyment of his faculties. It does not appear, that, in his last moments, he thought of heaven or hell,

to one of which he was going; he only thought of victory and fame. When Capt. Hardy told him, that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy had struck, he answered, "That's well, but I *bargained* for twenty." With whom did Nelson bargain? It is not for me to say whether he was a pious man or not. He was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and, one would suppose from that circumstance, that he was piously educated. He was always remarkable for an insatiable thirst for praise, and was never satisfied with the distinctions bestowed on him, great and uncommon as they were. If he was a man of piety, there is no record of his conversion. Nelson was very profane in his language, especially in a battle, a thing so common, both in the army and navy, as scarcely to be noticed. His conduct, in allowing the republicans of Naples to be massacred under his own eye, in violation of the most sacred treaties, speaks but little for his morality, or humanity, to say nothing of piety; and his infamous connexion with Lady Hamilton during the lifetime of her husband and of his own wife, though he had long lived happily with her, looks much like adultery. Some of his last words to his wife were, "I

call God to witness, that there is nothing in you, or your conduct, that I wish otherwise." Yet he left her entirely, and took up with an abandoned and profligate woman. I know, that such things are tolerated in great warriors, and, when a man has caused the destruction of a great many of his fellow-creatures, it is thought to be wrong to look into his private life, and very illiberal to doubt his piety. "On the morning of this his last contest, for what the world calls, glory and immortality, he wrote a prayer in his journal, and solemnly bequeathed Lady Hamilton to his king and country." — (Rees.) All Nelson's public despatches had an air of piety, which, it is to be feared, was but a sort of official hypocrisy. I repeat it, it is not for me to say, whether Nelson was pious; God only knows the heart; but we see nothing of his piety at the hour of death. He asked no intercession of Christ. He expressed no hopes in a Redeemer. There was no prayer offered up as his soul departed. The cannon still roared on deck: blood was flowing in torrents, and thousands of souls were winging their doleful flight to the regions of despair. Nelson, though, according to the estimation of the world, a great man,

was far from being, I fear, either a pious man or a happy one. It is said, that he wished to die in this battle, and, therefore, put on all his stars, orders, and epaulets, and other gewgaws, which exposed him, particularly, to be fired at by the men in the enemy's tops. He was requested, by his friends, to take them off, or at least, to cover them up; but he refused; and probably died with them on. Could he hope, with trinkets like these, to appease an angry Judge? Did his stars and garters and epaulets procure him any distinction at the bar of God? Alas, no! There his distinctions fail: they cease forever. Though men may pay divine honors to his earthly remains, erect statues to him, and emblazon his tomb, all this cannot keep the soul from the worm that never dies, and the fire that never shall be quenched. Oh how many wish to die the death of a hero: but *"let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."*

'A very strong gale arose in the evening, and blew through the night with extreme violence; and soon scattered the wrecks of the vessels which covered the sea. The Santissima Trinidad was sunk: the Spanish Admiral was taken off, but died of his wound. The

Aigle, a French seventy-four, lost almost all its crew, was taken, and was cast on shore during the night, on the Spanish coast, where both French and English were drowned together. The Indomptable foundered at sea, with fifteen hundred wounded men on board, not one of whom was saved. The Achille was set on fire during the action. The English, who were fighting it, sheared off, and of eight hundred men, who formed the crew, not more than twenty found an opportunity of escaping. When all hopes of stopping the progress of the flames were gone, and death seemed inevitable, to avoid waiting for it, several officers blew out their brains. Others threw themselves into the flames. Several sailors went to the store room, gorged themselves with brandy, and, by the most complete drunkenness, endeavored to throw a veil over the disaster which was about to close their existence.' What a preparation for eternity! Towards six o'clock in the evening, the fire reached the powder magazine, the vessel blew up, and every thing disappeared. On most other occasions, these unfortunate men could have been saved; but without troubling themselves about their fate, the two fleets thought of nothing but the de-

struction of each other. The combined fleet was annihilated, and, of all those vessels belonging to it which were engaged in this action, the English could save but one single vessel, the rest of the prizes all perished at sea, on the coast, and by fire!

Surely, this was a dearbought victory. The remains of Nelson were carried to London, and buried with the greatest funeral pomp ever displayed in England. If I remember rightly, the city of London was illuminated for this victory, and thanks offered in the churches to God. I was once present in London at a similar procession for victory, and the pomp, parade and show beggared all description. Being tired of standing, I retired to a church, in which, besides the ministers and officers of the church, and a few charity scholars, there were not half a dozen hearers. The pomp and splendor were all outside the church, and that was what the people most cared about. It is by these processions and rejoicings, and this pomp, parade, and show, that Christians are reconciled to all the horrors and abominations of war: the rich are content to pay half their income to support it, and the poor to be taxed on the very necessaries of life, and to give

the bread out of their mouths, and send their children supperless to bed, that they may participate in these general rejoicings, at the destruction of their fellow-creatures. They complain, indeed, loud enough, against their taxes, but still, from the prince to the beggar, are fond of military glory, the cause of all their sufferings.

“The rack’d inhabitants repine — complain —
Tax’d, till the brow of labor sweats in vain.
War lays a burden on the reeling state,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight.
Successive loads succeeding broils impose,
And sighing millions prophesy the close.”

The Expostulation.

But where were the widows and orphans and the childless parents, whom this fatal victory had bereaved? Alas! they may retire and weep in secret: the gay and joyous crowd think little of their griefs. Where are the wounded? They are yet writhing in pain and anguish, their limbs amputated, and many of them dying a lingering and painful death. Where are the dead? They are buried in the ocean, and have already been devoured by the sharks and monsters of the deep. And where are the souls of the departed? Who can draw aside the veil which

hides eternity from our view, and say how many of them are already doomed to unutterable anguish? And yet the unthinking multitude rejoice, and England is a Christian country!

CHAPTER III.

1805 to 1808. Departure for England—Return to France—Death of the French Admiral—Interview with Bonaparte—Campaign of Italy—Siege of Stralsand—Duel.

ON the evening of the 22d of October, the fleet set sail for England. The voyage was long and painful, especially to the French prisoners. M. Villeneuve, the French Admiral, having been wounded in the right hand, inquired for a clerk among the prisoners, when Robert offered himself and was received, so that he was attached to the retinue of the Admiral, and never left him until his death. After much delay, the Admiral obtained leave to go to France on his parole. As soon as he got there, he began operations, in order to try the officers of his fleet at a court martial for bad conduct in the battle, to which he attributed his defeat. He was soon after found dead in his bed, stabbed in five places. It was generally supposed that he committed

suicide ; but Robert affirms that he was assassinated, as he insinuates, by the officers, to prevent their trial. Robert's suspicion got to the ears of the Emperor Napoleon, who sent for him, and heard his story. But, he either did not believe him, or he was too much occupied with other things, or chose to wink at the crime. Robert was ordered to join his regiment, a party of which was then at Paris, and passed his time in dissipation, as soldiers generally do, spending the Sabbath at places of public amusement, and "fighting sometimes." But soldiers, who can read and write, hope for promotion; and Robert was anxious to be engaged in battle; for without battles and others being killed off, there is but little hope of promotion in the army. It was, therefore, with pleasure, that he saw his detachment ordered to the north of Italy. It is wonderful, how quickly the young conscript learns the manners of a soldier. He soon gets to be dissipated and abandoned, forgets his family and friends, throws the reins on the neck of his passions, indulges in every excess, and is willing, and even desires, to venture his life for the sake of plunder and honor ! And it is wonderful, that a parent should choose a profession for his son so full

of danger not to his body only, that is a trifle, but to his immortal soul.

Though the greater part of the time in Italy was spent in idleness, or in brilliant reviews, a part of the time the army was ordered to make forced marches, sometimes of thirty miles a day, probably to inure the young conscripts to the hardships of a soldier's life.

Robert's regiment was next ordered into Swedish Comerania, to attack the city of Stralsand. Having driven in the advanced posts, consisting of Swedes and English, they came to the environs of the city. 'This spot had not yet suffered the devastation which is inseparable from a siege and a camp, and was covered with charming country houses and gardens, elegant pavilions, flowers and verdure. In one moment, every thing was changed; the dead bodies and the wounded of both parties dyed with their blood this spot so agreeable a moment before, and the turf was trodden down in every direction, and strewn with the remnants of cartridges.' Robert had the unhappiness to kill one of the enemy, against whom he certainly could have had no enmity, as the man was a stranger and employed in defending his country.

For this, Robert was made a corporal ; and was ordered to take four men with him, and burn a windmill, of which there were several near. ‘They were forced to drive in the door, and were preparing to execute their orders, when they were surprised by the appearance of a woman making a piteous lamentation, followed by two children from five to six years of age. She stretched out her arms, in a tone of supplication, and threw herself at our feet.’ But a soldier must obey his orders, even if he had been commanded to butcher the woman and her children. Of course, he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and ‘collected in a corner of the mill some wood and straw, set fire to it, and it soon spread to the building. The poor woman’s despair was then at its height. She rolled herself on the ground in convulsions, and wished to throw herself into the flames. Her children raised a terrible outcry, and hung round their mother.’ This would have been rare sport for older soldiers, such is war and glory ; and every man who enlists into the army, voluntarily engages to do such things, when he is ordered. A soldier is not allowed to hear the voice of conscience. He must obey man, rather than God.

Notwithstanding all the horrors of the siege the French army found seasons for revelry and mirth. The fete of *Saint* Napoleon was celebrated by races, games, dances, and drinking. A theatre was erected and plays acted, notwithstanding the wounded, the dying and the dead. A fit celebration for the day of such a saint. I do not believe that such saints are found in heaven.

Stralsand was taken, and the Swedes compelled to make peace with the French. This was very fortunate for the French army, for their situation had become very uncomfortable. 'It rained incessantly. Their hats had been covered with rye straw, cut while green, and long since dried up, and no longer affording sufficient shelter. They got nothing but very unwholesome food. Thousands of worms produced by moisture destroyed their bread, covered their clothes, and swarmed in the cut and half rotten straw, which served them to lie upon.' Such unwholesome food and encampments frequently cause pestilential diseases, which sweep away whole regiments, particularly of young recruits, and destroy more than the sword.

The regiment was ordered to Wismar. They saw nothing but desolation and misery

on their march, the inevitable consequences of war. Robert had the good fortune to be quartered at a village near Wismar, where he was well received by the lady of the manor, on account of his literary acquirements, though he was only a corporal. Here he was also so fortunate as to save the life of a Spaniard, whose name was Valdejo ; which favour was afterwards returned by Valdejo in Spain.

The French army had been victorious, and it is wonderful to observe how victory inflates the vanity and pride of a nation, and makes it almost adore the conquerors. In the part of France, which the army traversed on their march to Spain, whither they were now ordered, fetes were given in every town ; the officers were invited to balls and public dinners ; triumphal arches were raised ; and the eagles crowned with laurels. It is by such things, that the people of Europe keep up that military spirit, which keeps *them* down, and rivets their chains the stronger. . Young officers are charmed with such distinctions, and they care but little for the justice of the cause for which they fight, or for the liberty of the people. They are very likely to support the man who gives them war, victory and

glory, in preference to Him, who gives them peace and liberty; for mankind generally love slavery with glory, better than they love liberty with peace. But

“War is a game, which, were their subjects wise, Kings could not play at.”—COWPER.

All this honor, however, was not without some envy from the regiments that had not been in action. “One Sunday afternoon, Robert went into a grogshop, which was full of men belonging to the different corps. Robert and his companions were bitterly reproached with the honors they received in every town, and hints were thrown out, that they were undeserved. A dispute and quarrel arose, which ended in a duel, six against six. Robert was wounded and taken to the hospital, but he does not say whether any were killed or not. Duels are common in all christian armies, but, in the American service, officers only are allowed the honor of fighting duels, the privates and petty officers would be punished for it. But any young officer, who should refuse a challenge, would be disgraced. Indeed, I do not see how it can well be otherwise, for war and duelling are just the same; and, whether the

battle be between two, or twelve, or twelve thousand, there is no difference in that law of God, which says, "Thou shall not kill." A battle is but a great duel, though some, who approve of war, condemn duelling: but they are very inconsistent. They say that a court of honor could settle all disputes between individuals. And could not a court of nations settle all disputes between nations? However, every young man, who goes into the army with any hope of preferment, must make up his mind to fight a duel if challenged; and if his conscience will not let him do that, he should not enlist.

CHAPTER IV.

1809 and 1810. Battle of Wagram—Death of Colonel Oudet—War in Spain—Taken prisoner by the Spaniards—Sent to the Island of Cabrera—Starvation of the Prisoners.

As Robert was detained by the wound received in the duel, he could not immediately follow his regiment—but as soon as he got well set out after it, and, on his way, fell in with another regiment, which he was desirous of joining, in hopes of more speedy promotion; the colonel Oudet was desirous of having Robert in his regiment, on account of his learning, and he got the change effected, and appointed him *harbinger* of a company—an officer in the French service, who looks to the quarters and accommodations of the company to which he belongs. He now marched to encounter new dangers and hardships in Austria. Probably he knew nothing of the cause of the war, and cared but little whether it was just or unjust, and would kill

an Austrian as readily as he would a Swede, an Englishman, or a Spaniard. He was at the battle of Wagram, of which he gives but little account, for, in these great battles, the greater part, even of the officers, often know but little of the affair, except where they are immediately engaged. All that a private has to do, is, to obey his officer, to advance when he is ordered, to shoot and stab those he is told to, and to run away when he sees others run. All the rest is but carnage, death and wounds, mangled limbs and headless trunks, with groans, shrieks, shouts, curses, and blasphemy, which the drums and trumpets in vain endeavor to drown.

After the victory was won by the French, Robert's regiment, still commanded by Oudet, though wounded, was ordered to follow the enemy, and fell in with one of the divisions, who attacked the French, killed a great many men, and mortally wounded the colonel. Robert was wounded in the breast by a musket ball, which laid him senseless for a time. 'When he opened his eyes, he saw the dead bodies of his companions around him. Two entire battalions lay dead beside him, with the colonel in the midst of them. The Austrians had retreated, and the silence

around him was only broken by the groans of the dying.' He again became insensible, and only recovered his recollection, when he was taken to a temporary hospital. The colonel survived some days. Robert saw him die, and saw his funeral. He was buried in the garden of the house which had been turned into a hospital, and one of Robert's friends, a subaltern, "rendered desperate by his sorrow for the colonel's loss, and perhaps disgusted with a life in which all his best founded hopes had perished one after another, threw himself on his sword beside the grave of Oudet." Suicide was very common in the French army. The soldiers were always taught not to fear death, and were kept in dreadful ignorance of a future state. It was a maxim with Bonaparte, that, if soldiers were not depraved, they should be made so.

As Robert had fought very bravely on this and some other occasions, he now expected promotion, but was disappointed. Most of the men of the regiment he had lately joined had been killed, and it remained only a skeleton ; he was therefore desirous of going back to his old regiment, which had lost only the colonel, the major, and twelve other officers,

and half the non-commissioned officers and privates, killed in the glorious victory, beside the wounded. His hopes of promotion were again disappointed, and he was still but a har-binger.

Robert now began to lead a dull, insipid life, without any events of magnitude to arouse his attention, and got heartily sick of repose. Indeed, a man, situated as a soldier generally is in time of peace, (for a peace had been made between France and Austria,) without a family, without connexions, or any religious friends, and with none of those pleasures which flow from the social worship of God, and from religious society, feels an aching void when he loses that excitement which war creates, and he longs for it, as ardently as a drunkard does for his bowl, or the gambler for his dice. Men used to active service feel an uneasy sensation without it, in the same manner as the drunkard feels an uneasy sensation without ardent spirits, which he knows will soon lay him in the gutter with the swine. The ruined gamester, who has lost his last dollar at dice, if he can beg, borrow, or steal another, flies with it to the gaming table, where he is almost sure to lose it ; but he cannot overcome his propen-

sity. And the poor miserable outcast of the female sex often escapes from the house of refuge, to throw herself on vice and want and misery. Thus war unfits a man for peaceful life, and the old soldier longs for the indulgence, excess, vice, and excitement of the camp, notwithstanding the suffering and misery which almost always accompany war. Such creatures of habit are mankind, that seldom any thing, but the grace of God, will reconcile an old soldier to the sober duties of peace. Suffering, anguish, and pain, generally fail of doing it.

But, under the reign of Bonaparte, there was no danger that the sword would rust in the scabbard, or be converted to a ploughshare. In order to secure his brother's usurpation of the crown of Spain, Bonaparte made war on that country, and Robert's regiment was ordered there, where it arrived in Jan. 1810. It was indifferent where he went. He knew but little of the cause of the war, and cared less. But no man can deny, that he, who kills another in an unjust war, is guilty of murder in the sight of God, as much as though he had killed him on the highway, or in a duel. Numbers can never justify crime, and, whether a man belong to a small

crew or gang, or a large crew or gang, piracy is still piracy, robbery is truly robbery, and murder is murder. I know, that many endeavor to throw all the blame on kings and statesmen, but kings and statesmen have enough sins of their own to answer for. That God, who has said, "Thou shalt not kill," will require the life of man from his murderer, be his station in society high or low, for He says also, "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man." Gen. ix. 5.

The Spaniards resented the wanton invasion of their country with great indignation, and they were highly incensed at the perfidious manner, in which Bonaparte had made the royal family prisoners, and seized many important fortresses under the guise of friendship. "The Spaniards pretended," says Robert, "that we were carrying on an unjust war against their country. This we had nothing to do with. Soldiers are not fit for meddling with such sort of things." But he will find, at the day of judgment, if not before, that he *has* something to do with it. The Christians of nearly the first three centuries after Christ refused to take up arms for the Roman government, or to fight for any

cause or any king whatever, and would rather suffer death themselves, than inflict it on others. Then "the lamp of Christianity burnt bright;" and the church increased faster than it ever has since Christians began to use carnal weapons.

The Spaniards, very much enraged against the French and their *guerillas*, or small bands of soldiers, cut off many stragglers from the French army. They fell in with Robert; who was going forward to provide for his company with two other soldiers. One of these they killed in a most shocking manner, making him suffer all the torments they could inflict, and they would have done the same to Robert, had not one of their company sprung forward and called him by name. It was Valdejo the Spanish volunteer, whose life he had saved near Wismar. The Spaniards took Robert and his surviving companion, who was shockingly wounded, prisoners, and carried them off into the woods. His companion died of his wounds. The next day, in their march, they saw 'the body of a French soldier, stretched across the path. Two others were hanging on trees, and bore the marks of cruel and protracted torments. A fourth, with his head cut off, was hanging

by one foot.' The Spaniards could not refrain from displaying the ferocious joy they felt at such a sight. Robert could not refrain from expressing his grief, for which he came near being massacred ; but Valdejo saved him then, and afterward, from the populace, in the towns which he passed through. The French served the guerillas but little, if any, better when they caught them, and a system of retaliation was adopted by both parties, the bare recital of which makes one shudder. To return evil for evil is the principle of war, and it sometimes leads to the most horrible excesses. To return *good* for evil, is the principle of Christianity, and it never fails, when persisted in, to disarm enmity.

Robert was ordered to be sent to Cabrera, a small desert island in the Mediterranean. Here he found six thousand of his countrymen in a most lamentable condition. 'Many of them were quite naked, and as black as mulattoes, with beards like a pirate, dirty and out of order. Some had pieces of clothing, but they had no shoes, or their legs and feet and parts of their body were bare.' They had no places to sleep in, but such huts as they could make, without tools, out

of sticks and grass, three or four feet high, which every shower penetrated. Four or five persons slept in one of these huts, into which they were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees, and to crawl out again feet foremost. Robert here met with an old friend, who invited him to lodge, for a night, in his hut, which he did, with four others, its inmates. This obtrusion of a new lodger, into their narrow house, bred a quarrel and a duel, in which Robert acted as the second of his friend, who was blamed on his account. For want of swords and pistols, the combatants fought with razors tied to sticks. Duels of this kind were of almost daily occurrence on the island, but were seldom fatal.

The prisoners had very scant allowance, and were often in a state of starvation, and it is reported, that cases were known, where one man had killed another, in order to eat him. The provisions were sent every four days, and sometimes were delayed a whole day longer. The allowance was very small, and some ate up the four days rations in two days, and afterward fasted, or lived on roots and grass, which carried off great numbers of them. In a time of great distress, a gold watch, which a prisoner had been able to se-

crete from his captors, was sold for half a pound of bread. All kinds of amusements, revelling and dancing were nevertheless carried on, and Robert himself contrived to get up a theatre.

At one time the provisions were delayed for eight days. Many had consumed all they had on the third day. On the fourth they fasted. 'The next day, at the usual hour, the starving prisoners covered the heights and the shore, expecting every moment to see the long wished for vessel. Their anxiety continually increasing, the day passed over and night came on, while their hopes became fainter and fainter. There was nothing heard, but one universal cry of horror and indignation against the Spaniards, who had resolved, said the multitude, to leave them to die of hunger. On the first day of the scarcity, all the provisions on the island were consumed. On the second night, more than a hundred and fifty persons died of hunger and debility. The third day came, and the prisoners crowded to the shore: their looks were directed to the sea, but, at noon, nothing was seen.' They resolved to kill the only ass on the island—although poor Martin was a favorite with them all; but when his flesh and bones

were distributed, it amounted to only two ounces for three men. A storm came on that night, which flooded their frail huts, and, at daylight next morning, it was found that three hundred persons had perished. On the eighth day the vessel arrived, and the sudden, though scanty, supply proved fatal to many. The cause of the delay was a dispute between two commissaries. What horrible barbarities are witnessed in war! It hardens the heart, and makes it callous to the sufferings of our fellow creatures. In how many ways does war increase the miseries and shorten the life of those who are engaged in it! Doctor Johnson observes, "War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and tens of thousands which perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy—the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction, pale, torpid, spiritless and helpless, gasping and groaning, unpitied by men made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery, and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments, and un-

wholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away." This is far different from the representation of a soldier's life in heroic fiction; but all this may happen, and in fact, often does happen to a victorious army—a still severer fate awaits the vanquished.

CHAPTER V.

1810 to 1812. The French Soldier escapes—Rejoins the French army in Spain—Gains the cross of honor—Falls sick and returns home—Engages in the Russian campaign—Taken prisoner by the Russians.

Robert found means to escape from the island, and again joined the French army in Spain at the siege of Tortosa, where he displayed a good deal of courage, and took three prisoners, for which he received the cross of honor, and was made a sergeant, which gratified his pride very much. It is by these decorations and promotions, that armies are kept together. Mankind are naturally proud and vain, and every little distinction or promotion over their fellow creatures, gratifies their vanity, and raises their pride still higher, and, for this meed of praise, this “whistling of a name,” they “seek the bubble reputation, even at the cannon’s mouth.” But how short is the duration of their glory ! Soon they die, and carry no crosses of honor with them to the world of spirits. All their glory

will not save them from the doom which awaits the finally impenitent. Man may confer a short-lived fame, but "God seeth not as man seeth; for, high as heaven is above the earth, so high are his thoughts above our thoughts, and his ways above our ways." On the contrary, the Christian's crown grows brighter at death, and he wears it forever in heaven. But men do not go to the field of battle to gain such crowns as this: they are not stained with blood, and they are conferred not on those who destroy, but on those who save.

Robert now fell sick of a fever, and though he escaped with his life, was for a long time unable to do duty, and obtained a furlough to visit his friends. He found Miette, the object of his early affections, and to whom he had been engaged, married to another, but he seemed to care very little about it. Why should he? If a soldier marries, his wife must either follow the camp, bear all the hardships accompanying it, and mingle with the most degraded of her sex, or she must be, for most of her time, separated from her husband, and in either case, it must be extremely difficult for him to support her and her children.

Robert was very proud of his cross of honor and in hopes of further promotion, so that, when his furlough had expired, he left his home a second time, but now without regret, and joined his regiment, which was in Germany. He soon after engaged in the Russian campaign, which he entered into gladly without once considering the cause of the war, which was nothing more or less than the desire of Bonaparte to be emperor of the world, and to subdue all other empires, kingdoms, and republics to his own sway and dominion. Indeed, ambition, or a love of power and praise, has been the greatest cause of war, from the time that Lucifer first made war in heaven, to this day. "From whence come wars and fightings?" asks St. James, "Come they not hence even of your lusts which war in your members?" As the love of praise is the greatest of all causes of war, it is evident that, if men withheld their praise from the bloodstained conqueror, wars would cease. If great robbers and murderers by wholesale met with the same detestation from mankind that awaits the pirate, highway robber, and murderer, the race of conquerors would soon become extinct. But, in the opinion of the world, "one murder makes a

villain, millions a hero ;” as though the magnitude of a crime changed its nature and made it virtue. Profiting by this disposition in the multitude, ambitious and artful men raise themselves to power : and bring whole nations into slavery,—not only foreign nations, but their own. “The first king,” says a French author, “was a fortunate soldier.” Such a man erects a monument of his power and glory on the ruins of his country’s liberty. It is built of human skulls, like the monuments of Timour the Tartar, and

He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reckoning : and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented.—TASK.

Bonaparte had already conquered more countries than any modern hero. He had destroyed more lives, and he was the most powerful monarch in the world, and had the most obedient subjects and servile courtiers. But it is impossible to satisfy the love of praise. Alexander the great, when he had conquered the world, cried, like the spoiled child of Fortune, because he had not another world to conquer. Oh, were men as anxious to gain “that unfading crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to

all who love his appearance and kingdom," as they are to obtain temporal crowns and that honor which is but "a puff of noisy breath," what a different world this would be! But men labour for perishable renown.

"The hero best example gives of toil
Unsanctified. One word his history writes,
He was a murderer above the laws,
And greatly praised for doing murderous deeds."
Course of Time.

But, after all, what are these heroes and conquerors, but, like the Assyrian, the rods of God's anger — curses and scourges to a guilty world? They are doing God's will, though they do not intend it, and of every conqueror it may be said, as the Holy Ghost said of the king of Assyria, "Howbeit, he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so: but, it is in his heart to destroy and cut off nations not a few. For he saith, Are not my princes altogether kings?" Two of Bonaparte's brothers and some of his generals and courtiers were kings. "But shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith?" "Therefore shall the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, send among his fat ones leanness, and under his glory, He shall kindle a burning, like the burning of a fire," (Isaiah x.) and so he did with Bonaparte;

when he had used him to chastise the nations, he broke the rod and cast it into the fire.

But are the slaves who follow such heroes any better than they? What are we to think of the Italians, the Dutch, the Swiss, the Austrians, the Prussians, in short, of the seventeen different nations who followed Bonaparte into Russia? Will it be said, that some of these men were compelled, by the tyrant of France, to follow his fortunes? But, a true hero will sooner suffer death himself, than inflict it on the innocent. If the fear of the consequences of a refusal was their motive for committing murder, they were the worst of cowards. In the day of the resurrection, when the four hundred thousand, who fell among the snowclad forests of Russia, shall be called to their last account, will they be able to lay all the blame on Bonaparte? Pollok, speaking of the day of judgment as past says,

“From battle fields, where men, by millions, met
To murder each his fellow, and make sport
To kings and heroes—things long since forgot,
In numerous armies rose unbannered all,
Unpanoplied, unpraised: nor found a prince
Or general, then, to answer for their crimes.”

Course of Time.

Robert gives but little account of Bonaparte's Russian campaign. He was at the battle of Borodino, where a standard was committed to him, by the colonel of the regiment, the ensign having just been killed. The Emperor coming up at that moment to encourage the troops, had a short conference with Robert, who reminded him of having seen him after the death of Admiral Ville-neuve. Bonaparte made him an ensign, which greatly raised his valour : but, as he was soon after taken prisoner by the Russians, and sent into Siberia, from whence he did not return until after Bonaparte's fall, he never got his commission.

CHAPTER VI.

1812. Russian Campaign.

As Robert gives us but little account of this memorable campaign, I will endeavour to supply his deficiency from other authors.

On the 24th day of June, 1812, the Emperor of the French, Napoleon Bonaparte, passed the river Niemen, and entered on the Russian territories, with an army of 494,000 men, his whole effective force including the garrisons he left behind amounting to 680,000 men and 176,000 horses. The Russians retreated before him, leaving a country, which before was but thinly settled, entirely destitute of inhabitants and provisions. On the next day, a storm came on, and ten thousand horses and many of his men perished. "Their carcasses were lying encumbering the road. They sent forth a mephetic smell, impossible to breathe. Several soldiers of the young guard had already perished by hunger."

(*Segur.*) Others had shot themselves in despair. By the 10th of August, only 47 days after Napoleon entered Russia, he had lost near a third of his army, and yet had not fought a battle. "The army had advanced but a hundred leagues from the Niemen, and already it was completely altered." The articles for refreshment suddenly failed them in their extremity, and "water was frequently wanting. The same was the case with dry provisions, and also with every necessary of life : and in this gradual destitution, depression of mind kept pace with the successive debilitation of body. From these sufferings, physical and moral, from these continual bivouacs,* as dangerous near the pole as under the equator, from this infection of the air, by the putrified carcasses of men and horses that strewed the roads, sprang two dreadful epidemics, the dysentery and the yellow fever. The Germans first felt their ravages ; they are less nervous and *less sober* than the French, and they were less interested in a cause which they regarded as foreign to them. Out of 22,000 Bavarians who had crossed the Oder, 11,000 only reached the Duna, and yet they had never been in action.

* An encampment in the open air, without tents.

This military march cost the French one fourth, and the allies one half of their army. At Wilna, it was not possible to establish hospitals for more than 6000 sick. Convents, churches, synagogues, and barns served to receive this suffering multitude. In these dismal places, sometimes unhealthy, but always too few and too crowded, the sick were frequently without food, without beds, without covering, and without even straw and medicines." *Segur*.

The French army, however, advanced in pursuit of the Russians, who retreated, throwing every impediment in the way of the French, while famine pressed on their rear. It is not my intention to follow these gigantic armies in all their movements, nor to describe their battles, the greatest of which was at Borodino, where Robert was taken prisoner. The Russians still retreated, and even evacuated Moscow, the capital of the country, which they set fire to as the French entered, and that most splendid city was burnt to the ground, which left Napoleon's army without quarters and without provisions, so that he was compelled to retreat.

Labaume, another French writer, in his narrative of the campaign, speaking of the

capture and destruction of Maro-Jares-lavitz says, "The town in which we had fought was no longer standing, and we could only discover the line of the streets by the numerous dead bodies with which they were strewn. On all sides we saw human heads and scattered limbs crushed by the artillery, that had been manœuvered over them. Many of the sick and wounded had quitted the fight, to take refuge in the houses, which were now reduced to a heap of ruins, and under the burning ashes appeared their half consumed remains. The few, who had escaped the flames, having their faces blackened and their clothes and hair burnt, presented themselves before us, and, in an expiring tone, uttered the cries of deepest anguish."

"As we advanced, the country appeared yet more desolate. But the most horrible sight was the multitude of dead bodies, which had been fifty-two days unburied, and scarcely retained the human form. My consternation was at the height, on finding, near Borodino, the 20,000 men, who had been slaughtered there, lying where they fell. The half-buried carcasses of men and horses covered the plain, intermingled with garments stained with blood, and bones gnawed by the

dogs and birds of prey, and with fragments of arms, drums, helmets, and cuirasses."

"As we marched over the field of battle, we heard, at a distance, a pitiable object who demanded our assistance. Touched with his plaintive cries, many of the soldiers drew near to the spot, when, to their great astonishment, they observed a French soldier, stretched on the ground, with both his legs broken. 'I was wounded,' said he, 'on the day of the great battle, and, finding myself in a lonely place, where I could gain no assistance, I dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, and have lived near two months on grass and roots, and some pieces of bread I found among the dead bodies.' "

Segur not only confirms this account of Labaume's, but adds to its horrors. He says, the field of battle "had all the appearance of an extinguished volcano. The ground was covered all around with fragments of helmets and cuirasses, broken drums, gunstocks, tatters of uniforms, and standards dyed with blood. On this spot lay 30,000 half devoured corpses. The Emperor passed quickly, nobody stopped; cold, hunger and the enemy urged us on; we merely turned our faces as we proceeded, to take a last,

melancholy look at the vast grave of so many companions in arms *uselessly* sacrificed."

"Further on we beheld the great abbey or hospital of Kolotskoy, a sight still more hideous than the field of battle. At Borodino, all was death, but not without its quiet. At Kolotskoy, it was still raging. Death here seemed to be pursuing his victims, who had escaped from the engagement, with the utmost malignity; he penetrated into them, by all the senses, at once. They were destitute of every thing for repulsing him, except orders which it was impossible to execute." They had neither lint, tow, nor linen, to bind up the wounds, but were obliged to use the parchment they found in the libraries of the convents.

These hospitals were sometimes deserted by their attendants, and hundreds of sick and wounded were left to perish by debility and starvation.

The sutlers, and other usual attendants on camps, were compelled to transport the wounded; but they often took occasion of the darkness of the night, to tumble their unprofitable loads into the ditches, that they might save some of the plunder of Moscow.

They had yet a few Russian prisoners,

and, being unwilling to release them, they were shot through the head by their guard, probably without orders from Bonaparte, though he did order a similar barbarity in Egypt.

Hitherto, however, their sufferings were light, in comparison with what was to follow. Winter now set in, and the ground was covered with snow and ice, with intense cold. The French were destitute of provisions and clothing, harassed and surrounded every where by hordes of Cossacks, with the Russians pressing on their rear, and impeding their flight. Their miseries daily increased. Sir Robert Ker Porter says,

“Multitudes of these desolate fugitives lost their speech, others were seized with frenzy, and many were so maddened with the extremes of pain and hunger, that they tore the dead bodies of their comrades to pieces and feasted on the disgusting remains.” Sir Robert Wilson says, “In the hospitals of Wilna were above 19,000 dead and dying, frozen and freezing; the bodies of the former, broken up, served to stop the cavities in windows, floors, and walls; but, in one of the corridors of the great convent, above 1500 bodies were piled up transversely, as pigs of

lead or iron. In the roads, men were collected around the burning ruins of the cottages, which a mad spirit of destruction had fired, picking and eating the burnt bodies of fellow men."

Segur, speaking in the language of the French Commissary General, says of the return of the army to Smolensk, "Meanwhile, the dead bodies in the houses, courts, and gardens, and their unwholesome effluvia, infected the air. The dead were killing the living. The civil officers, as well as many of the military, were attacked. Some had become, to all appearance, idiots, weeping and fixing their eyes stedfastly on the ground. There were some, whose hair had become stiff, erect, and twisted into ropes, and who, amidst a torrent of blasphemies, a horrid convulsion, and a still more horrid laugh, dropped down dead."

Such were some of the disasters of this ever-memorable campaign, sketches of which I have taken from many different authors, some of them actors, and all of them spectators of the scene. But I have related but a small portion of the sufferings of the grand army, and must pass entirely the passage of the Beresina, by far the most horrible of all ;

for there the French killed one another, disputing for a passage across the bridges, while eighty pieces of Russian cannon were pouring death, night and day, on the suffering and unresisting multitude, who were three days in passing.

Of the seventeen nations, who followed Bonaparte into the frightful deserts of Russia, 500 thousand men and 300,000 horses perished in 173 days. For, beside the army with which he first crossed the Niemen, he had received great reinforcements of men and horses. But accuracy cannot be expected in detailing the movements and losses of such vast bodies of men : therefore, we find authors varying greatly in the numbers killed, but the lowest estimate will altogether exceed the comprehension of the juvenile reader, or of any except the conductors of such vast armies. It is said, that not more than 30,000 ever returned to their "beautiful France," and many of them after a long term of captivity.

But we are not to expect that all the sufferings fell on the invaders. Probably they caused as much as they suffered. Cities and villages were burnt, harvests and provisions destroyed. Thousands were killed and wound-

ed, and perished without a shelter or a home, which had been destroyed either by the invaders or their own countrymen. It is said, that the Russians lost 100,000 men, and probably this is not more than half the truth.

Nor are these sufferings peculiar to the Russian campaign, excepting the intense cold ; the detail is nearly the same in all wars. The retreat of the British from Spain, exhibited horrors equal, in their intensity, if not in their extent, to the sufferings of the Russian campaign. But what matter is it to an individual, or his relations, whether he be slaughtered in a skirmish, or a battle? except, indeed, that warriors and their friends seem to prefer much company, in their misery, and think that glory is increased in proportion to the extent of suffering.

I must again remark, lest the reader should forget it, that these nations are called *Christian* nations, in distinction from Mahometans and Pagans. And there are many who, I hope, are Christians, who admire the character of Bonaparte, hold him up as an example to their children, and name their sons after him ; but, will these persons tell us, what

there is in the character of Napoleon Bonaparte which resembles that of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, or how any man can consistently approve of characteristics so totally dissimilar?

CHAPTER VII.

1812. Carried to Moscow—Sent to Siberia—Story of Daria and Wassili—Russian recruits for the army.

We must now return to our hero. He had been led on to the charge by his major, his colonel having been killed, and fell wounded by two thrusts of a bayonet. ‘Crushed under the feet of the Russians, overwhelmed by numbers, unable to draw his sabre, he could not get up,’ and when he did, was drawn along by the enemy in their retreat, and was made prisoner. He was sent back to the rear of the Russian army, and three days afterward entered Moscow, with 2000 other prisoners, almost stripped to the skin. The governor of the city ordered the most indispensable part of their clothing to be restored to them, and, after giving them the most violent abuse, in presence of the populace, because they had left their own country to ravage his, for no offence whatever, he sent

them to a barrack, which served them for a prison, where they remained but twenty-four hours, and were then assembled in haste, as the city was evacuated on the approach of the French army. They were conducted by Cossacks to Wladimiz, and thence into Siberia, and separated into small parties among the iron mines. They marched five hundred leagues, and their journey lasted two months and a half; and for a long and dreary period, they were destined to hear nothing from their friends or their country. Though their lot was a hard one, it was perfect happiness, when compared with the sufferings of their countrymen in their retreat from Russia.

Robert's division consisted of a colonel Laplane, eight privates, and himself: and they were so fortunate, as to be appointed to a mine, the captain of which was a Frenchman. He had known the colonel's family in France, and had received favours from them, and he therefore treated him and Robert and his companions in captivity very civilly. Robert had recommended himself to the colonel by his good education, for learning never comes amiss, and often is an advantage to a man where he least expects it. The colonel

and Robert were allowed a house by themselves ; for Robert passed himself off for an officer, and the privates were put in workshops where the work was least fatiguing. It is not common, in these enlightened days, to put prisoners of war to hard labour, which is a remnant of barbarism, now only practised by Turks and Russians, but other uncivilized people. Formerly, even among the polished Greeks and Romans, prisoners of war were put to death. But, avarice getting the better of revenge, they were afterwards sold for slaves. In later years, they were only kept at work during the war, and were released at the return of peace. But now, no civilized nation compels prisoners of war to work, but they are often kept on very small allowance, and their situation is very miserable. The prisons on shore are often damp, unwholesome, and crowded : and prison-ships are still worse, and thousands pine away and die in them, far from home and friends, or any one to take care either of their body or their soul, and their corpses are thrown into the sea, or buried on shore with the burial of a dog.

Robert, having nothing to do, busied himself with the affairs of the simple people at the forge. He tells an affecting story of

Daria, the daughter of a shopkeeper in the neighbourhood, who was privately engaged to Wassili, an honest man, and an under officer of the forge, against her father's consent, who wished her to marry Asphanassi, one of the wandering shepherds of the Baskin family, belonging to the Nomadic tribes who inhabit that part of Asia, and travel, with their flocks and herds, over the vast steeps and deserts, to the North, in summer, and return home again in the autumn. The sequel of the story we will tell in Robert's own words.

“At this period there came to Tchornaia,” as the forge was called, “two Russian officers, with several sergeants, who were much more like Cossacks than regular soldiers. Their appearance was the signal of universal mourning—they came to recruit. They proclaimed, in the Emperor's name, that, on a certain day, all the men in the district, whatever their age might be, were to assemble in the public square, there to be inspected. At the appointed day, every one was on the spot: but, it was easy to see, by their looks, that it was with the utmost repugnance they had obeyed. All the women were placed on the other side, and anxiously waited for the result of the inspection, and some of them

were crying bitterly. We were present at this scene. The officers placed the men in two rows, and passed along the ranks very slowly. Now and then, they touched a man, and he was immediately taken to a little group, that was formed in the centre of the square. When they had run over the two rows, they again inspected the men that had been set apart, made them walk and strip, *verified* them, in a word, such as our recruiting councils did, in our departments, for many years. When a man was examined, he was allowed to go, and then the crowd raised a shout of joy, or he was immediately put in irons, in presence of his family, who raised cries of despair — this man was fit for service. These unfortunate beings, thus chained up, were kept out of view, till the very moment of their departure. No claims were valid against the recruiting officer ; age, marriage, the duties required to be paid to an infirm parent, were of no avail. Sometimes, indeed, it happened, and that but rarely, that a secret arrangement with the officer, for a sum of money, saved a young man, a husband, or a father, from his caprice ; for he was bound by no rule. It often happened, also, that he marked out for the army

a young man, whose wife or mistress was coveted by the neighbouring lord, or whom injustice had irritated and rendered suspected. Such is the mode of recruiting in Russia."

"Wassili was at the review. The recruiting officer thought he would make a handsome dragoon, or a soldier of the guard, and having looked at him from top to toe, he declared him fit for the army. While his family were deploring his fate and preparing to make every sacrifice to obtain his discharge, some one cried out that the officer would allow him to get off, because he was wealthy, but that the poor must march. The Russian heard this, and perhaps, on the point of making a bargain, felt irritated, and would listen to no sort of arrangement. Wassili was put in irons and destined to unlimited service, that is, to an eternal exile, for the Russian soldier is never allowed to return to his home." His term of service is twenty years, which is *generally* for all his life."

"Daria fell a victim to her grief, and only recovered some portion of her vigour when the recruits were to set out. On that day, the recruiting party gorge them with meat and brandy, till they are intoxicated; they

are then thrown into sledges, and carried off, still loaded with irons. A most heart-rending scene now takes place. Every family follows them with their cries, and chaunts the prayers for the dead and the dying, while the unfortunate conscripts themselves, besotted with liquor, remain stupid and indifferent; burst into roars of laughter, or answer their friends with oaths and imprecations."

"Notwithstanding the force that had been shown to him, Wassili had drank nothing, and preserved his judgment unclouded. He stretched out his arms toward Daria and his friends, and bade us adieu with many tears. Amidst the mournful sounds that struck upon her ears, the young girl followed him rapidly, and had time to throw herself into his arms, before the sledge set out, but, the moment he was beyond her reach, she fell backward, with violence, on the ice. No one paid the least attention to her; they all rushed forward, and followed the sledges of the recruiting party, which soon galloped out of sight. I lifted up Daria; I did not attempt to restrain her grief, but took her back to her father's, where she was paid every attention her situation required."

“About the middle of June, Asphanassi returned, more in love and more eager than ever ; and as soon as he appeared, Daria was attacked by a burning fever that never left her. In a few days, she was at the gates of death. All the care bestowed on her was of no avail, and she died pronouncing the name of Wassili.”

Such has been the story of thousands, and this is but one of the pictures of war, as it appears in all despotic countries. How much, my dear young reader, you ought to thank God, that he has appointed “the bounds of your habitation” in a land of liberty. None but the poor negroes are used in this manner in the United States. Even in England, the press-gangs take men away from their family and friends, to serve in the navy, much in the same way as is done in Russia for the army ; and in France, they have the conscription. In our country we practise differently. A rendezvous is opened, where intoxicating liquors are liberally distributed, the worst part of the female sex are freely admitted, and dancing and licentiousness prevail, until the poor foolish recruit, long baited, is hooked at last. But when he has once signed the muster-roll, the delusion vanishes ; he has

swallowed the gilded bait, and he must now feel the barbed hook, from which death is generally the only release. Thus war always brings with it a train of other evils, and it is as deleterious to the moral habits of a people, as it is destructive to their lives and property.

CHAPTER VIII.

1814. Peace—Return to France—Bonaparte's escape from Elba—His second abdication—Robert joins Murat in his attempt on Naples, which fails—Tried for desertion, acquitted, and returns to France—Invasion of Spain—Taken prisoner, escapes, and is dismissed from the service.

Peace having been at length concluded, Robert set out on his return home with colonel Laplane, who had received money and a passport for two, from his friends. Hitherto they had been ignorant of the defeat of Bonaparte, and the retreat and disasters of the grand army. They were extremely anxious for news, but found few who were able, or willing to gratify them. Robert says,

“We passed rapidly through Russia Proper, where, two years before——! The fields seem to have been cultivated and the villages rebuilt. We scarcely recognized, under the snow, the spot where the battle of Borodino, so important to us, had been

fought. We passed over the bloody fields of Smolensko, without perceiving them, but, as we harassed with our questions all the postmasters and peasants whom we met, we learned, on approaching the Beresina, that the greatest disaster of the French army had taken place at the very spot where we were. Nothing could then overcome the sadness that oppressed us; we thought we were still in 1812, with our unfortunate brothers in arms, struggling with the elements, and falling under the attacks of the enemy. Amidst the snow that surrounded us, we could easily judge of the disasters of that terrible day. I felt an extraordinary oppression of heart; we alighted a moment to honor the memory of our companions. Upon a bush which had caught my cloak, I perceived a leather sword belt hanging, almost worn away, but still retaining a plate of copper with an eagle on it. This sight powerfully affected me, but seemed to have still more influence on the colonel's mind. His gaiety did not return, even after we had left the banks of the Beresina far behind us."

At length, Robert arrived in France, where he learned the particulars of the defeat of Bonaparte, the annihilation of the

grand army, the most powerful that ever entered the field, Napoleon's abdication of the throne, and his banishment to the Island of Elba. He had always thought Bonaparte invincible, and that it was impossible, in the nature of things, that a French army should be defeated; and no wonder, for Robert never took into account the power of God.

Robert endeavoured to get himself acknowledged as an ensign before he visited his friends, and for that purpose, immediately joined his regiment: but most of its officers had been killed off many times over, and all those who could have borne evidence to the truth, had perished in the retreat from Russia, and he could scarcely find a single soldier who had known him, so that his fond expectations of appearing before his father's family, with an epaulet on his shoulder, were disappointed, and he took his place in the regiment as a sergeant, as he was before. He wrote to his father, and received an answer, informing him of the death of his mother, who, worn out with domestic cares and the thought that her son had fallen in the Russian campaign, had fallen into a sort of helplessness that brought her to the grave, after much suffering.' Alas, of how many

mothers, whose sons have perished in battle, is this the melancholy fate ! but how seldom do their sufferings and death appear in history !

Robert wrote again and again to the war office, in hopes of obtaining a commission, but without an answer, and he became every day more restless and uneasy, and often desired a new war to break out, that he might merit, a second time, the rank he had once obtained, but which he now found it so difficult to get confirmed. His desires for a new war were soon gratified, for Bonaparte returned from Elba, and the events of "The Hundred Days" succeeded each other so rapidly, that he scarcely noticed them. He, at first, fought against Bonaparte, and then for him, changing sides according to his hopes of promotion. Bonaparte abdicated a second time, and was sent to St. Helena, where he died. Intestine commotions continued in France, and a man did not always know on which side he was, himself ; but all were willing to fight on one side or the other. Robert had a narrow escape from being killed as a Protestant, though he was a Catholic. His life was saved by a Protestant woman, whose husband was killed by the Catholics while

Robert was in her house. He, however, escaped, after having run many risks, and, at length, arrived at his father's house at Sixfour, still but a subaltern, after all his dangers, privations, and fatigues.

He was very coolly received by the inhabitants of the village. No one bid him welcome, except his own family. He was viewed with suspicion and distrust as a Bonapartist, and, after two days, left Sixfour for Toulon, in search of his regiment; but, as the new royal authorities were not yet settled, and the imperial officers were hardly out of place, he knew not to whom to apply, and was ready for any adventure which should offer. He did not wait long, before he was engaged in the escape of Murat, ex-king of Naples, from France, in an open boat. While in this boat, Robert quitted the service of his native country, and entered into Murat's, who appointed him captain on the spot; — an appointment, which was of as little use to him as his former one of ensign by Bonaparte. The plan was, to put Murat on board of any vessel bound abroad, but, particularly, on board the mail boat, bound to Corsica. After waiting four days in great danger and distress, and after having been nearly run down

by a brig, which they had attempted to board, they finally succeeded, in getting on-board the packet, and telling the captain, that they had sailed on a party of pleasure from Toulon, and had been driven out to sea, and that as the boat had been damaged, they had concluded to abandon it, and go with him to Corsica. Falsehood and deception are so common in war, and so much justified by too many, that military men get used to it, and it troubles their consciences but little. The captain of the mail boat believed them, or appeared to do so, and consented to take them.

Murat, with Robert for his chief officer, arrived safely at Corsica, where, though he was known, he was allowed to remain at peace, but not without frequent alarms. Robert now got a sword by his side, and an epaulet on his shoulder, of which he was very proud, though he was the only officer and the only soldier then under the command of the ex-king of Naples. But Murat made out to procure 400 followers in Corsica, with whom he made the rash attempt to regain the crown of Naples. He had diamonds and valuable jewels about him, by the sale of which he defrayed the expense of the arma-

ment, which consisted of five small vessels, three of which, however, were dispersed by a gale, or voluntarily left him at sea, leaving him but two small vessels and fifty men. Robert was left on board, with some valuable documents which Murat entrusted to his care, while he himself, with twenty-nine men, attempted to invade the kingdom of Naples. Murat landed in a splendid uniform, and, at first, had some to hail him king, but was soon opposed, overpowered, taken, condemned, and shot, with all his company that landed.

Thus ended the career of "Joachim Napoleon, King of the two Sicilies," as he styled himself, alias Joachim Murat, ex-king of Naples. And thus ended this mad expedition. And thus too ended the commission of Robert, who, if he was yet a captain, had no king to fight for. He returned to Corsica, and kept himself secreted for about a year, when his money failing, he delivered himself up to the French government, was tried by a court-martial for desertion, and acquitted, and was ordered to join a regiment then in Corsica. This regiment was soon after ordered to France, Robert landed at Toulon, and once more visited his native village. He found his father dead, and he was very cool-

ly received by his brother. He now endeavoured again to get his ensign's commission, and after having harassed himself with writing many memorials and petitions, he gave over the pursuit.

Robert was next ordered to Spain, in the war which France undertook for the purpose of supporting the king of that country against his subjects; where he was wounded and taken prisoner. In his captivity, he found many of his old companions in arms, fugitives from France, and now fighting against the armies of their country, expecting, if taken, to be condemned to death as rebels and deserters: they, therefore, fought with an infatuated courage and desperation, until they were nearly all destroyed. "Such was the deplorable end of these unfortunates, who had assembled from the extremities of Europe upon a foreign soil." We may add, such is too often the patriotism of the soldier. Used to bloodshed and carnage, and uneasy in a time of peace, and unfitted for its pursuits and enjoyments, rather than not fight at all, they sometimes fight even against their native country. They seem to be given over to a judicial blindness, and experience the denunciation of our Saviour, when he says, "All

they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Robert escaped from his prison, and after much suffering and danger, rejoined the royalist army, where he was near being shot as a spy or a deserter. His wounds became much inflamed, and he fell sick of a fever. He began now to be disgusted with the military service. He had sought for worldly glory and distinction, and he had, after nearly twenty years of hardship and perils, got nothing higher than a sergeant's warrant, and was now very unceremoniously dismissed from the service, without having requested it; but he left it without regret, and returned once more to Sixfour.

Thus, though not deficient in learning, with an undaunted courage, and a strong constitution, Robert had fought and suffered for nearly twenty years in vain. Instead of complaining, he ought to have thought himself fortunate that his life and limbs were yet preserved, that he had not been killed in his first engagement, like his friend Rymbaud, and that he was not a cripple and a beggar. Thousands and ten of thousands, who had been dragged from their peaceful homes like him, by the conscription, or, voluntarily

entering the army, had started with him in the same career of glory, had, long since, been laid dead on the gory field, and their bodies become the food of wolves and vultures : or had languished out a painful existence in hospitals and prisons, “pale, torpid, and spiritless,” living without consolation, and dying without hope. A few, perhaps one in ten thousand, rise to an enviable distinction, and, by giving up the comforts of this life and all hope in the next, have obtained a fleeting, transitory glory, and this has been the *ignis fatuus*, which has lured them to their ruin.

CHAPTER IX.

1823. Conclusion.

I shall close the memoirs of Robert in his own words, leaving out, however, things of a less interesting nature. He says,

“I am now at Sixfour, and shall never again leave my native place. Here my lot, so long precarious and uncertain, is fixed at last. I shall perhaps enjoy, in the course of time, the peace I have so much need of: but nothing can ever fill up the void, which so many emotions have left in my heart.

“Many prospects of fortune and glory have opened upon me during my military career, and the moment I thought they were on the point of being realized, the whole edifice disappeared before my eyes. I had also left pleasing illusions at Sixfour, and on my return, find they also have disappeared, and that every thing has undergone a change.

“I left my family happy and flourishing,

and it is nearly extinct at the present day. My worthy father followed my mother to the grave, and left but little property to his children.

“My brother is devoted to the *mean* labours of husbandry, and speaks a language foreign to my heart. He is quite absorbed by his daily habits, and despises a soldier who cannot sow a field of grain. Yet my father had educated him for labours somewhat more important. He contemptuously calls me *his learned brother*, or *the officer*, and is, perhaps, the only man in existence, who never found any thing amusing in the stories of an old soldier.”

Reader, let us stop here a moment to consider the condition of these two brothers, whose occupations and views are so different, and inquire which of the two is the most eligible, and most conducive to happiness here and hereafter.

Robert, like most soldiers, thinks husbandry and the mechanic arts *mean* and contemptible, as though the raising of a harvest were not more noble than trampling it down, and the support of life more honourable than its destruction. For my own part, I consider the man who has made an improvement in

husbandry or manufactures, a greater benefactor to his species, and therefore more deserving of honour, than he who has conquered a kingdom : and when the pure and peaceful principles of the Gospel shall be generally received, the sword shall be beaten to a ploughshare, and successful husbandmen will be more highly esteemed than conquerors. But it is time to resume the words of our disappointed hero. He further observes,

“Of the group, which old friendships had gathered round our family, I find that very few remember me at all. M. Rymbauld died long ago ; I saw his son killed at Trafalgar ; Miette is the mother of five children, and cares about as little as I do for the remembrance of our former love. She is, in my eye, nothing more than the good housewife of a retired citizen.

“Thus, wherever my heart turns for consolation, it finds a dreary void, and I can obtain no other subject for my thoughts, than the melancholy recollections of the past.

“I have been the perpetual sport of events, and have been placed too low to command any of them. I have been borne involuntarily along by the movements of the multitude, and have never been able to raise myself

above the sphere into which I was thrown by chance, in spite of the constant efforts of twenty years, and the concurrence of a host of circumstances that were all favourable to my elevation.

“How great and glorious did France appear to me on my first return home! How far did I then think misfortune from my country and from me, when, with 600,000 fellow soldiers, we entered the Russian territories, gained the famous battle of Borodino, and I was appointed an officer by the Emperor in person!

“Yet a few hours afterward, I fell, never to rise again. I became a prisoner to the Russians, and two disastrous campaigns took place without its being in my power to share in their perils or their glory.

“The trade of a soldier is the only one I ever knew, and now I can carry it on no longer. I learned to judge of mankind, and this knowledge is totally useless to me. In a word, during the whole of the last twenty years, I have been an alien to the affections of my own family, and a stranger to the feelings of the farmer, the citizen, in fact, to every one of the industrious classes, and wherever I go, I am out of place. Yet I cannot make up my mind to

be totally useless—My recollections may not be wholly uninteresting, at this moment, when every one is looking back with avidity to that brilliant period which will long claim the attention of the present generation. The profound impression it left on my mind forms the leading object of my thoughts : I feel a strong necessity of communicating them to others ; and it is this impulse, which has led me to compose the unimportant, but authentic memoirs, which I now submit to the candour of the public.”

CHAPTER X.

Reflections of the Compiler.

Thus end the memoirs and reflections of the French sergeant, Robert Guillemard, and with a few more reflections I too will close this abridgment of his book.

Let the juvenile reader beware, when he reads books of chivalry and romance, and even sober history, in which war is represented as a sort of brilliant display and parade, where there is nothing but feasting and dancing and victory; and let him look at the other side of the picture, and see the misery, distress, and anguish; the tears, sighs, and groans; the murder, horror, and desolation; the robbery, theft, and Sabbath-breaking; the intemperance, lewdness, and profaneness; the crime, sin, and wickedness, which always accompany all wars even the least objectionable; and let him, with the Bible in his hand,

form a deliberate opinion of the probable future state of that class of men who are engaged in war ; and let him reflect, that all these things, even the misery and anguish, both temporal and eternal, the victors share with the vanquished.

If he should go to see a military review or a sham-fight, let him not be dazzled by the pomp, parade, and show, nor covet the glittering epaulet, the gaudy dress, the burnished helmet, the nodding plume, nor any of the fascinating accompaniments of war ; for they are but the gilding of a poisonous pill — the fair outside show of the grapes of Sodom and the clusters of Gomorrah, while all within is bitter ashes, fatal to the taste. “The path of glory leads but to the tomb.”

Let him examine into the lawfulness of war by the light of the Gospel. Let him take the precepts of the Prince of Peace as his guide, and see how far he is warranted in engaging in war, for any cause, save the most absolute self preservation. Wars waged to acquire glory, or wealth, or power, or territory, are all, in these enlightened days, condemned by the greater part of the professed disciples of Christ ; and the careful reader will find, on examination, that the

Gospel condemns almost, if not quite, all those wars which have been *called* defensive, such as wars of retaliation and revenge for some real or supposed injury, and wars made under the pretence of preventing war, or jealousy of a rival's growing power. Even if the Gospel does not, in principle, condemn wars of self defence, which is at least doubtful, it condemns the manner in which they have almost, if not quite, always been carried on. What say the precepts of our blessed Saviour? "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," &c. The Apostles preached the same doctrines. "Recompense to no man evil for evil." "Avenge not yourselves." "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink." "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory. Follow peace with all men," &c. The primitive Christians, who followed in the steps, and were the immediate successors, of the Apostles, considered war unlawful for a Christian, and refused to bear arms

in any cause, and suffered death themselves, rather than inflict it on others. Finally, if the young reader should try to fancy to himself Jesus Christ in the character of a general directing a battle, and his disciples leading on the charge, and pointing the cannon, he will find that he cannot do it. The spirit of war is in direct opposition to the Spirit of Christ, and "unless ye have the Spirit of Christ in you, ye are none of his."

Let the young reader consider how zealously Robert sought that glory which is "earthly, sensual, devilish," and which always eluded his grasp, and let him seek that glory which is from above, and that charity which is "pure, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits." Instead of seeking honour in the destruction of his fellow-creatures, let him seek the favour of God, by doing good to *all* men, and by obeying the commands and following the example of his blessed Saviour, who went about doing good to his enemies as well as to his friends; and who came into the world, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Let him do this and have faith in Christ, and he will not be disappointed as Robert was, but he will have the satisfaction

of an approving conscience in this world, and a crown of glory which shall never fade away, in the world to come.

Let him inquire into his duty with respect to the great moral revolution which is to take place in the world, and which has already begun, when war shall be viewed in its true light; when that grim demon from the bottomless pit shall be bound a thousand years, and men shall seek the things that make for peace. Were Christians really desirous of permanent and universal peace, they could easily cause the establishment of a Congress, or Court of nations, that should settle all disputes which might arise between different countries, by reason and judgment, and not leave them to the blind fortune of war, which more frequently favours the wicked than the righteous. Let him throw the weight of his influence into the scale of peace, and do all he can to advance its cause; and finally, let him pray *every day* that God would be pleased to hasten that glorious period, “when wars and fightings shall cease throughout the earth”—“when the sword shall be beaten to a ploughshare, and the spear to a pruning hook”—when “nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any

more"—but when every man "shall sit under his vine and fig tree, and have none to molest or make him afraid"—a time which shall surely come—"For the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it," and He is now, in His Providence, loudly calling on his children to come forward and put their hands to the work ; for though it will be done by the power of God, it will be by the instrumentality of man, and there is no one, however low may be his standing, his talents or his acquirements — whatever may be the age, sex, or condition, who cannot assist in this joyful consummation.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

BY DR. DODD.

Next to filial love, fraternal love is one of the most natural propensities of the human heart. The great and wise Creator, who established the present mode of being, has certainly implanted and interwoven in the very texture of the soul, all those tender and amiable charities, which are both pleasing in themselves, and indispensably necessary to the being and good order of society. And he has so directed the mode of living, at our entrance upon existence, that every thing is calculated to improve and strengthen these natural tendencies. Born of the same parents, brothers and sisters hang at the same fond breast, and drink the same milk ; fed beneath the same roof, they share the same united and tender cares, the same ideas

are impressed, and they are taught to regard each other as cemented by ties of the most endearing and indissoluble sort. No wonder hence, that a mutual and increasing prepossession for each other gains upon the heart ; while custom unites with nature, and both are strengthened by parental wisdom and solicitude. Where that wisdom and solicitude are properly exerted, Fraternal Love is seldom wanting : its deficiency, for the most part, must be attributed either to the parent's carelessness and neglect to cultivate it ; or to an evil, which all wise parents will most carefully avoid ; a partial fondness shown to one, in neglect of other children.

It is undoubted, that some children from nature inherit qualities, which render them more amiable and engaging than others, and there are circumstances in life which naturally lead to prejudices in favour of peculiar children. But, whatever the parental heart may feel, it will always exert the most cautious endeavours to conceal any such partialities ; well assured that they are not only blameable in themselves, but very frequently the cause of breaking that golden cord of parental affection, which should always be kept most sacredly united, and which no

jealousies should be allowed to dissolve or disturb. Without these, nature rightly encouraged, and parents duly improving the affection, fraternal love, for the most part, will reign amongst children; for it is agreeable to nature, and all the right tendencies of nature will undoubtedly operate as they are designed, if not disturbed in their regular course, and if properly directed and aided by the wise hand of prudence and experience.

And such prudence and experience will always apply to religion more especially, for this aid and direction: for the religion of Jesus Christ, amongst a thousand characteristics of its excellence, has this peculiar recommendation, that it coincides with, and beautifully enforces, all the finest feelings of nature. Indeed, its highest and most distinguishing doctrine—that, I mean, of universal love,—is founded upon that fraternal relation, in which all men stand to each other. Children of the great Father of the universe, we are called “to love as brethren.” Brotherly affection therefore is not only expected in the professors of this religion, but is the best foundation for the attainment of its perfection, and consequently, most acceptable in the sight of God.

We have a pleasing proof how estimable it was in the sight of our adorable Redeemer, from the friendship wherewith he honoured Lazarus and his sisters. “Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus :” no doubt, because this happy family excelled in fraternal and sisterly affection, and, truly loving each other, were worthy of the love of Jesus. That they excelled in this affection, is sufficiently evident from that anxiety which the sisters showed, when their worthy and much valued brother lay dangerously sick ; and they sent that importunate and affecting message to their friend ; “Lord ! behold he whom thou lovest is sick.” Happy Lazarus, blessed with such sisters ! Happy sisters, blessed with a brother so worthy your tenderest esteem ! Happy family, whose united affection was crowned with such friendship as that of the Saviour of the World ! Oh, my young friends ! feel you not in your hearts a laudable envy of this favoured family ? an earnest emulation to be loved like them ? Believe me, that emulation need not be in vain. ’Tis with yourselves to be blest and to be favoured no less than Lazarus and his sisters : love one another as they loved ; be as cordially solicitous for each other’s best welfare ; and rest

confidently assured, that Jesus will love you, as he did Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.

That fraternal love is agreeable to nature, and well-pleasing to God, should certainly be its sufficient recommendation ; but, besides this, it is productive of many advantages, and attended with many comforts. " Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ! " That family can scarcely fail of fortune and felicity, who, brought up together in love, are early taught to consider each other's interests as one, and continue through life mutually to assist each other. Hence it is, that we frequently find those parents most singularly blest in their families, who, having had the largest number of children, have made it their first and latest care to unite those children in the bonds of brotherly love. Human policy, every consideration, incites to this care. For, as brothers are to each other the best and most faithful of friends, so are they, when disunited, too often the most bitter and prejudicial of enemies : and that house can scarcely expect much worldly success or advancement, where jarring interests and jarring sentiments separate those who ought to be chief friends.

The ancients, my young friends, conveyed much of their instruction in fables. And there is one, which perhaps you may know, but which well deserves to be repeated, as it is not only applicable to our present subject, but very instructive in itself. A tender father, on his death-bed, called his children around him, and presenting them with a small bundle of twigs, ordered them to try, one after another, with all their force, if they could break it. They tried, but could not. "Unbind it now," said he, "and take every twig of it separately, and see what you can do by that means." They did so, and with great ease one by one, they broke it all to pieces. "Behold," said he, "my dear children, the true emblem of your condition. Keep together, and you will be safe, unhurt, and prosperous. Divide, and you are certainly undone."

What inexpressible delight, when brothers and sisters of one family live together in all the harmony of friendship and good esteem! mutually delighted and charmed with each other's presence and society!—Peace dwells in their bosom, and transport beats at their heart. They know how to alleviate each other's troubles and difficulties; they know how to impart and double each other's felicity

and pleasure. And if, perchance, their aged parents live, who have formed them thus to love ; whose early care provided for them this high feast of the most delicate sensations ; what increasing raptures do they feel, from blessing those parents with this fruit of their care ! O ye happy parents, if I could envy any beings upon earth, it were you ; who see your youth renewed in good and worthy children flourishing around you ; who see those children amply crowning your days and nights of past solicitude, not only with the most reverential respect to yourselves, but, with what you wish still more, if possible, with the firmest and most respectful love to each other ! who see those children, with all the kindness of that love you sought to inspire, like olive branches verdant around you ; blessed in you, blessed in each other, blessed in themselves ; the providence of God smiling upon them ; success and honour attending their steps. Happy parents ! yours is a chosen lot. Happy parents ! who from the moment they become such, exert their utmost efforts to attain that lot, and to strengthen by the bonds of religion and instruction, what nature so kindly implants, and will aid so much in the rearing.

I said that success and honour accompany those who excel in Fraternal Love : they will not only feel the most pleasing comfort which the human heart can enjoy ; they will not only have the greatest probability of worldly success ; but they will certainly find that, which is indeed one great means of worldly advancement ; they will find real honour attending them : they will obtain all the advantages which accompany good reputation.

I dare appeal to the sentiments of any man living upon this occasion. You involuntarily and immediately conceive a good opinion of that young person, who distinguishes himself for his Fraternal and Filial Love. I join both, because I conceive they can never be separated. He who loves his brethren and sisters, will unquestionably love his parents ; as he who loves his Christian brother, will assuredly love his Father in heaven. Let a person be recommended to you as excelling in this affection ; as remarkable for his tenderness and attachment to his family ; your heart will instantly bear testimony to him ; you will esteem and honour him. Contemplate a whole family, eminent for their union and affection to each other : see the brothers dutiful to their parents ; kind and respectful

to their sisters ; solicitous for, and serving each other :—you cannot help admiring them ; you are sure there is virtue and goodness amongst them ; you think, you speak of them with pleasure, and would, certainly, in worldly matters, prefer, where it is possible, connections with them. This is the language of nature, of feeling ; it is universal, and it is truly just.

Need I, my young friends, offer any other arguments towards the cultivation of this virtuous affection ? Which would you rather be ?—ask your own hearts,—a Cain, stigmatized by the hand of God himself for fraternal hatred ; driven from society, an outcast and a vagabond, unnatural, irreligious, uncomfortable, despised, hated : or a Joseph, melting with Fraternal Love ; forgiving every injury ; blessing with prosperity all his house ; weeping over the necks of recovered brethren ; bowing the affectionate knee to an ancient and venerable parent ; virtuous, fearing God, abounding in plenty, in comfort, in glory ? Oh ! where is the heart that feels not the contrast ? Yes, my young friends, while you shrink with horror from the fratricide of a Cain, you envy the life and salvation restored by the affection of a Joseph.

Be it yours, like him, to cultivate in your hearts that fear of God, which so remarkably sustained him amidst all his trials and temptations ; which preserved him from defiling his master's bed, which preserved him from avenging himself on cruel and unworthy brothers (for even a Joseph had cruel and unworthy brethren ;) which, far from vengeance, inspired him with the most amiable disposition to forgive ;—and not to forgive only, but to succour and to save ! and thus to melt them to his love, by heaping coals of kindness on their heads.



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